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philosophy we shall always have, and for a good reason. The text-book of psychology must be wisely tentative, suggestive, unfinished. That is what is true of Professor James's book. The naturalist does not live amidst sharply-defined forms, but among moving and plastic live creatures. What he can offer us is verity of description, keenness of analysis, heartiness of appreciation, philosophical suggestiveness of outlook. And Professor James, with his robust temperament, so fearlessly expressed in his fine and manly style, with its brilliancy, its oddities, and its vigor, has offered us just this. His "passing moments," which can "know" and which can freely "attend," which are "self-related," and which have "unity," and which are still so intimately bound to the "neural process," have just the paradoxical and hypothetical character which requires one, in one's philosophy, to go beyond them, and to declare them but illusory expressions in phenomenal form of an infinitely deeper truth, while they have meanwhile the vitality and the plasticity which will make them long valuable to the student of empirical psychology, and vastly significant to the inquirer in ethics.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

THE INNER LIFE IN RELATION TO MORALITY: A STUDY IN THE ELEMENTS OF RELIGION.*

IF we had to classify human feelings and emotions, we might do so in respect to the narrowness or the extent of the objects to which they attach. They would thus fall into a series of concentric circles, of which the body and its wants would be the centre. Beyond the feelings of pleasure and pain in connection with it would be the feelings of sympathy and affection which rise in the presence of a world of beings like ourselves. Beyond that again would be the feelings which have for their object the more general aspects of the world at large, such as the æsthetic emotions. Finally, beyond all these would be the emotions, which are proper to the

* Delivered as a lecture for the London Ethical Society.

thought of the world in the widest of all its aspects as an organic whole. It is the world of thoughts and feelings which the universe in its widest aspect calls up in us that I call the inner life. I mean by it what Clifford calls "cosmic emotion,"—the emotion which is felt in regard to the universe or sum of things viewed as a cosmos or order.* I call it the "inner life," but if any one thinks this term inappropriate, inasmuch as the object of the thoughts and emotions I refer to is on my own showing not the closest or the inmost but the farthest away and the outermost, I shall not quarrel with him. Nevertheless the life I refer to is opposed to the physical life of pains and pleasures and to the social life of sympathies and aversions in that, while these latter of their very nature issue in outward actions, the emotions I speak of, though they do not as I hope to show *end* in the human soul, yet themselves call forth no series of outward actions directed to other ends than those which our individual and social life suggest. They impart a spirit and diffuse an air over the rest of life: they have no separate external expression of their own. In another sense too they may be contrasted with the rest of man's life as the inner to the outer. They are in a peculiar sense a man's own. While the so-called egoistic and social feelings at every point relate us to others, cosmic emotion isolates us and gives us a certain sense of independence of our neighbors. This is true only in a certain sense. In another sense it gives us a new, perhaps the deepest point of contact with our neighbor. I hope to make this more evident hereafter. Meantime for the purpose of illustrating what I mean by calling this the inner life, I note that it is that on which in all ages men have fallen back when the other and more external life of pleasure, of business or of social work, has failed. It is the inner life because the satisfaction it is fitted to afford is in the last resort independent of outward circumstances. It is the citadel of man-soul. With this behind him the heroic soul can face defeat, dishonor, death itself. Without it he has no recourse but to come to terms with outward fortune. In the last resort a man must stand

* "Lectures and Essays," W. K. Clifford.

upon the thought of what he is or has been in the system of things to which he has belonged. He has to square his account with this, to find strength and consolation, dismay or remorse, in the private thought of the relations he has made with the world of which he has been a part.

We hear much nowadays of the solidarity of man; and I desire to say nothing that could be interpreted as a denial of this great truth. Yet I wish here to lay the stress on an aspect of man's life which more than any other is his own, and in a sense separates him from his neighbors. As in the physical world we have come to see that no point of matter can be understood or even apprehended at all, except in relation to every other, so in the moral world we now know that no individual can be understood except in relation to his natural and social environment. Yet as in physical science we are told that no molecule really touches any other, or is solid with it, but oscillates in a free field which belongs to itself alone, so there is a sense in which the individual man in the last analysis has an inner field of life which is proper to himself alone. The pivot of this inner life is the thought of himself as a part or member in a universal order.

My object in this paper is to answer the questions: 1, what this thought is, or ought to be; 2, what are some of the forms which the feeling it rouses takes; 3, what are some of its special relations to social morality; and 4, what practical means may be suggested under modern conditions for the cultivation of it.

It is undoubtedly true that in the minds of many, in recent times, a shadow has been cast over this aspect of our lives. The cause of this is to be sought for in the fact which explains so much of the mental unrest of the present time,—namely, that we live in an age of transition. In the field of which I am speaking the last two or three generations have witnessed a species of disenchantment. In the less sophisticated ages of the world, which are sometimes called the “ages of faith,” the relations of man to the order of nature and the government of the world were depicted in forms which M. Arnold called “fairy-tales.” Feeling was permitted to grow

and entwine itself round a picturesque view of the origin and history of the cosmos. This view while in principle fundamentally sound, yet in detail was of the nature of the case largely mixed with fiction.* The inevitable progress of thought has therefore done its work with it. The unrest of disillusionment of which I spoke has set in. Feeling has had to be disengaged from an object no longer intellectually maintainable. If I might for the moment represent human feeling under the metaphor of the ivy and creepers that clothe an ancient wall, its present state might be compared to that of these same creepers when the wall has fallen into decay. They lie helpless and confused upon the ground, and only take their proper place and form again when they have found a new support for their clinging tendrils. As yet in the moral sphere the new support has been long appearing. For while this process of disillusion and disengagement has been going on, little success has hitherto attended the attempts at reconstruction. Indeed such attempts having usually been made in the name of theology, are commonly regarded with a certain impatience and suspicion. And this not without cause, for they are commonly put forward in an obviously apologetic interest, so that there is some ground for the sweeping criticism of J. S. Mill,† that "the whole of the prevalent metaphysics of the present century is one tissue of suborned evidence in favor of religion." It is at any rate true that little satisfaction for thought, little inspiration for feeling, can be drawn from the substitutes for the older view which have gained a hearing. One and all they have had but a ghostly existence, like the shades in Homer, and are now on the point of vanishing away. The pale theism which Carlyle called "the faintest possible," the barren mechanism of materialism which he called the theory of an "absentee god," pessimism itself which its author so triumphantly put forward as the solution of the riddle of the world,‡ have had

* As dreams have been called the mythology of real life, so mankind in the mythopoeic age may be said to have been asleep and dreaming.

† "Essays on Religion."

‡ See Professor Wallace's "Life of Schopenhauer," p. 110.

their day, and ceased to be. The result of many of these and similar failures has been to beget in the minds of many a rooted aversion to every hint at a cosmology. No light, they hold, is likely to be shed on our daily lives from the contemplation of the order of the universe as a whole. They bid us forget our religious unrest in the practical duties of every-day life. With regard to its pains and trials we can get no further than the utterance of the Hebrew agnostic, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." As to daily duty, that is clear enough. Best leave star-gazing and cosmic longing to others; as for us, let us take Voltaire's advice in "Candide" and "cultivate our gardens."

Yet there are many to whom this conclusion appears (and I think rightly) eminently unsatisfactory. It is not in their power even though they thought it desirable to accept it. They are forced to look beyond the moment and the day: to ask whither it all goes, what it all means. True, "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," but the sparks as they fly have a place and a destination in the universe of things. So also have man's labor and trouble. Moreover, in order to cultivate our own gardens we have to look beyond our own garden wall. We have to look to our neighbor's, to the winds, the seasons and all the world besides. So too in life we have to relate our little field of duty to society, to humanity, to the whole system of the world in order properly to understand and worthily to fulfil it. Does the world as we know it really afford no justification for this attitude of mind? Does it tell us nothing of itself which may be related to our daily lives, round which cosmic emotion may twine and again become a source of strength and not of weakness and distraction in our lives?

This is perhaps the most vital question we can put to ourselves. It is one moreover which now, for the first time in the world's history, we are able to approach with some hope of a favorable answer along the lines of scientific demonstration. Let no one suppose that in saying this I intend to follow the distinguished lead of Mr. Fiske,* and to endeavor

* See "The Destiny of Man and the Idea of God."

to find in the evolutionary view of the world arguments for theism and personal immortality. I do not in any way claim for the doctrine of evolution that it can be pressed into the service of any existing religion or form of belief. I merely intend to point out in opposition to the moral agnosticism I alluded to above, that the view of the world which is most characteristic of the time in which we live, so far from being "naturalistic," irreligious and non-moral, has in reality laid the foundation for an entirely new attitude of mind towards the cosmos at large. The angle of observation is once for all changed. With the change of our thoughts will come in due time a change of our feeling about the world, and following the change of feeling for the whole we may expect to find a change of feeling towards that part that constitutes the daily life of each.

Consider what precisely this new view is and involves. When Kant declared in his celebrated saying that there were two things which he contemplated with ceaseless awe, "the starry heavens without and the moral law within," he was not merely alluding to two objects which overpower the imagination. He was thinking not so much of the vastness of the one or the sublime suggestions of the other as of each in its own sphere the type of a cosmos or system of related laws. The saying introduces us to the two sides of the world which are prominent in the newer science and philosophy. *Without the world* is a system of intelligible relations of part to part, stretching itself out in space, moving forward in time. It is now known to be no mechanical combination, but an organic whole, in which each part in space, each epoch in time is only comprehensible in view of the whole of which it is a part, the end to which it is a stage. This organism is the invisible background which is presupposed in these partial glimpses of it which we call common perception and the special sciences. Nature, history, human thought as we know them are the pulses of its onward movement. It itself in its eternal progress is that in which they live and move and have their being. Here we have no arbitrary creation of an external will as the old cosmology taught, nor yet a

mechanical totality of independent parts, but a self-evolving, self-differentiating, self-enriching whole (conscious or unconscious I do not now ask, but at any rate) throbbing with life and unconquerable energy. If again we look *inwards* we have the *human conscience* as the symbol of a microcosm of moral relations between the different parts of our nature on the one hand and the different members of human society on the other. As the starry heaven without stands for the hidden system of laws which bind the external world together, so the moral law stands for that unseen order which is gradually but surely evolving itself in the life of man. The vision of this kingdom of righteousness is not revealed to all. All are indeed called by the voice of conscience to search for it in the common relations of life, as all the knights are summoned to the search for the Holy Grail, but it is only the pure in heart who really see it and feel it there. Nevertheless it is there for all as the hidden basis upon which all that is of value in their life and the life of their community is built.

To have mind and heart open to these two aspects of the world as an outer and an inner system is much. If no other cosmic emotion were possible than that to which Kant refers, this itself would be of value. But our inner life refuses to be content with this. It demands a higher point of view. Poets and prophets have always had visions of a higher, and now the progress of science seems about to establish as a reasoned conclusion what they have clung to as a faith. These two sides of the world must show themselves to be but different forms in which the central principle of its vitality makes itself known to us. The connection between the system of external nature and the moral life of man, between the stars in their courses and our struggle for truth and light beneath them, has always been a dream of the cosmic consciousness. All religions have asserted it. It is for instance the great theme of Greek tragedy, which aims at exhibiting the cosmic laws of justice and retribution, "laws which in the highest heaven had their birth," sweeping like a hurricane through families and cities and laying them desolate. It is the subject of the Hebrew prophets to whom, as M. Arnold

has shown, righteousness was as much the law of the universe and a force in outward nature as a state of the human soul. It is this faith again that gives its beauty and value to mediæval Christianity, which echoes in all that is most permanent in Christian literature and is reasserted with magnificent faith by our own poet of nature. What gives Wordsworth's Ode to Duty its cosmic value is not to my mind the address at the beginning to the

"Stern daughter of the voice of God."

That is hackneyed enough and might have been the mere echo of a theological dogma. The ring of the poet and the fresh religious inspiration appears first when he reverses his glance, and instead of interpreting in orthodox fashion the inner law as a divine command which nature obeys in another field, directly asserts the identity of the laws of nature with the law of duty:

"Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

That which the poets have all along asserted as an intuition it seems not unlikely that we shall in a sense at least know as a fact. The development of this idea will be the chief function of theology, or whatever the science which treats of this aspect of things in future may be called. In relation to ethics, with which we are here concerned, it means in general that the only ultimate description we can give of good action is that it is action which tends to realize the ends of nature. The end of nature is the progressive enrichment of life by the evolution of organism. Good action then will always be found on ultimate analysis to be just the action that tends to the enrichment of the individual and social organism. Good action, says Clifford,* is that which "makes the organic more organic." And similarly from the other side when we try to describe the ends of nature it is next to impossible to do so except in terms of the highest organism she has yet produced, that of human consciousness and the society by which it lives. "In the principle of nature," says Clifford again, "we

* See his brilliant essay on "Cosmic Emotion."

must recognize the mother of life, and especially of human life; powerful enough to subdue the elements, and yet always working gently against them; biding her time in the whole expanse of heaven to make the highest cosmos out of inorganic chaos; the actor not of all the actions of living things but only of the good actions.”*

This cosmic principle clothing itself in the twofold garb by which we know it, which we may call reflecting the natural and the moral cosmos, is the ultimate object of the emotion I began by describing as the inner life. Whether the poet and the religious man would recognize this as an adequate substitute for the object of their deepest feeling I do not propose to inquire. It is probable they would not without the additional attributes of will and consciousness. Personification is the very life and breath of poetry, as it is also of one form of religion. And as we all even the most prosy of us have a streak of poetry in our composition, we all have a bias in favor of personifying the ultimate principle of life and being. As moreover we never quite know how much poetry and imagination influence our ordinary views of outward things, so we never quite know how much the personal view of the soul of the world influences our thought and action. “We never know,” says Goethe, “how anthropomorphic we are.” Hegel adds, “we can never be anthropomorphic enough.” Without going so far as this I know no reason against our being as anthropomorphic as we can. The one thing of which we must make sure is, that we permit no anthropomorphic conceptions to stand between us and our loyalty to the truth wherever it may lead us. I am not sure that the prejudice against such conceptions among thinkers in England is not due to the fact that they have fallen into the hands of theologians instead of being left to the religious man, and so become hardened into dogma instead of being cherished as poetry. As Taine wittily says of us,† “You have learned men in Eng-

* The personification in this last passage is interesting. Clifford has just been pointing out the advantage of the modern scientific over the old religious view in that we do not require to personify it.

† “History of English Literature,” vol. ii., Essay on J. S. Mill.

land but you have no thinkers. Your God impedes you. He is the Supreme Cause, and you dare not reason upon causes out of respect for him." However this may be, the question does not properly fall within my subject. I am not attempting to fix the conception of religion or the object of it, but to point to the best thoughts of the day about the cosmos as a basis of an emotion which is essential to the fulness of the moral life.

I have tried to make plain the general character of this emotion and the general nature of its object. Further illustration of what I mean may be drawn from some of the specific forms under which it appears.

First and foremost it brings with it that which lies at the root of all religion and has sometimes been used to define religion,—the sense of dependence. By this I mean the feeling that accompanies the knowledge that we did not make ourselves; that we are born into and supported by a world which our individual wills did not make. Individualism and kindred forms of atheism reach their height in the claim to have been a "self-made" man. Religion, on the other hand, begins in the more or less conscious recognition that we are at every moment of our lives dependent upon a natural and a social order which we may learn how to use but which we certainly have done nothing to create. The feeling of dependence which the knowledge of man's place in the universe of things brings home to him appears in early stages in the race and the individual as a vague sense of fear in the presence of forces other and mightier than himself. It perhaps reproduces itself as such in each of us (however high our civilization) in moments of abnormal experience, as in sickness, or in some moral crisis, or in the presence of great natural forces like storm and earthquake. But generally it has passed in us into a higher form.

The step by which it does so introduces us to another form of the life I am considering. As it is the vagueness with which the great forces of nature and human life are conceived and the ignorance of their laws which turn the sense of dependence into fear and superstition, so the growth of knowl-

edge turns fear into confidence and reverence. Strange parallelisms are spelt out between the law of nature and the law of life. The laws of conscience, of nature and the state are seen to hide beneath them a certain beneficence of their own. By obeying them the religious man realizes that he obeys the law of his own life. He is reverencing himself in reverencing them.* This is the second form of the sense of dependence. It has purified itself from craven fear and risen to a sense of fearless faith in truth and right. Truth and right are the laws of nature. He who stands by them has and need have no fear. He desires nothing but what nature desires and what her "august laws" will bring to pass. His ends are her ends. He has "hitched his wagon" to the stars as Emerson directs us all to do. It is no longer he who works, but nature works in him to will and to do of her good pleasure. Similarly in reference to society and social duty, it is not so much he who works for his own ends, but man who worketh in him. It is this confidence that has sustained all great men. They have felt themselves to be on the side of the Time Spirit, that in them the spirit of the age has found an utterance. Even Napoleon could say that he was not a man but a thing,—*i.e.*, that he was the instrument of forces that were greater than himself. I believe this faith has been more or less consciously felt by all the greatest men. Perhaps no better definition of a great man could be found than one who both feels and understands his relation to the world. The man who merely feels it without understanding it is the fanatic: he has enthusiasm without insight. The man who understands it without feeling it is the genius, the philosopher, the cynic, or the devil: he has insight without enthusiasm. The great man is he who both understands and feels, who has both insight to know and enthusiasm to make nature's will prevail.

But even the hero is human. He may faint or fail. His will may be weak, his judgment may err, or the powers of this world may be too much for him. In weakness and failure two other forms of the cosmic emotion I am describing emerge. When a man fails to do his duty he may feel re-

* Cf. the double meaning of the Greek *αἰδώς*.

morse, self-contempt, despair, without going further than the thought of a moral relation to the community in which he lives. But when added to this and emerging from it he has a sense of a wider brotherhood and a universal system of law and order which have been outraged by his conduct, remorse deepens into repentance and contrition. These are psychologically perfectly distinct from the former, and are no more to be confounded with it than is cosmic feeling with social sympathy.

Consider again the case where the failure is not due to ourselves at all. The feeling which in the time of our strength had been a militant confidence in truth and justice becomes resignation in the hour of failure. Here again we have an emotion perfectly distinct from that which we might feel without any, or upon another cosmic faith. It is different from Stoic endurance, from hard-hearted indifference or cynical contempt of pain. And the difference comes from our conceiving ourselves to be members of a system of things whose ends are the same as ours and yet which has other means of working them out than by our instrumentality, other ways than the way in which we hoped to serve it.

To pursue this account on the lines I have indicated will be the work of psychology when that science gets into the hands of men who recognize this as a permanent and valuable aspect of human life and are not afraid to work it out in their text-books. Meantime I have said enough by way of illustration of what I mean by the inner life. I hope too I have said enough to show that the cosmic emotion, which is the fundamental element in it, is no mere vague aspiration after an impossible knowledge or a supra-mundane happiness, no mere "desire of the moth for the star," but, on the contrary, a principle which with a solid basis in the best thoughts in our own time about reality may be of the utmost value in practical life. As I have hitherto spoken of this relation to life only in general terms and by way of implication, it may be well to set down one or two of the special points at which it becomes visible.

1. If, as I began by maintaining, it is psychologically in-

controvertible that the thought of the world as a whole in relation to ourselves brings with it an emotion of its own, there is an element of our nature here which claims recognition on its own merits equally with the self-regarding or the sympathetic emotions. To cultivate and develop it is therefore to enrich, to starve and neglect it is to impoverish the inner life. The faculty of relating ourselves to the world in its widest which is also its deepest aspects, with its appropriate feelings, is a side of our mental and emotional life which we must feel ourselves bound to cultivate if we own to the duty of self-culture at all. Quite independently therefore of any perceived connection between it and the rest of every-day life, I should maintain it to be a duty to cherish this side of mind and heart. Nor is the duty any the less incumbent in a time of intellectual change and transition. At such a time indeed neglect of it is apt not only to be condoned, but to be represented in a confused sort of way as a duty which we owe to intellectual sincerity. Just as it has been wittily said that a "man gives up religion and goes to church," so it is sometimes thought that by giving up going to church one is performing a sort of religious duty and advancing the cause of truth. But the duty at such a time may be precisely the other way, if for no other reason than that as all intellectual progress starts from a basis of feeling, the feeling namely of interest in the object, so where the feeling of interest in any particular aspect of the world is permitted to die, intellectual progress in regard to it is thereby rendered impossible.

2. But I have already shown that the assumption of the preceding paragraph is unjustifiable. This side of our life is not independent of ordinary every-day duty, nor ordinary duty independent of it. We have already seen that it invests our every-day duties with a new meaning. It gives them a wider range by connecting them with the general life of the world. If we can no longer look at our life as the old theology did, in the light of a task that is done under the great Task-master's eye, this does not mean that we are henceforth to regard it as nothing more than the isolated effort of our individual wills. Between

these ways of looking at our life there is the one I have tried to describe. It sets before us an end common to us with all other men and with the system of the world as well, by our contribution or failure to contribute to which we stand condemned or acquitted before the tribunal of our own souls. Whatever then we regard as the sanction of the moral life (and from this point of view it does not matter much what we regard it to be), it acquires force and dignity from being looked at "under the form of eternity." Morality is thus raised to a higher power; it passes from "mere morality" into "morality touched with emotion," and thus becomes a species of religion.

3. But not only is morality thus enforced but its contents are enriched by the addition of new virtues. I have already spoken of resignation. I cannot understand how the psychological peculiarities which mark this feeling can be explained except in the light of what I have called "cosmic emotion." Its importance as an element in the ideal character is often overlooked by the purely moral teacher. It has usually been left to the religious writer to give it its place in the ethical ideal of a noble character. This in our own country John Henry Newman has not been slow to do. In describing a gentleman in his "Ideal of a University," he finely says of him in this connection: "He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is destiny."

Another virtue, which if it does not take its origin at any rate only reaches perfection in one who has cultivated the inner life in the direction I have described, is religious tolerance. And by this I do not mean merely that negative virtue of letting men do as they like in religion. This Tom Paine used to describe as "not the opposite of intolerance but the counterfeit of it." * I mean the active principle of sympathy with the forms under which persons with different education and under different circumstances from our own conceive of

* See the witty passage in "Rights of Man;" "Political Works," Truelove, p. 311.

their relations to the macrocosm. This is a very different state of mind from that species of half-contemptuous indifference with which advanced persons frequently treat the religion of their neighbors. It is one moreover which I cannot conceive of as a powerful and fruitful element of character, except in one who himself believes in the reality of the inner life in some such form as that I have described.

As to pursue the subject in a former part of this paper was said to be the work of the psychologist, to pursue this one is the work of the moralist. I have said enough to make my meaning clear. Without, therefore, pursuing it further here I come to the last question: How is it proposed in the present state of opinion that we should endeavor to cultivate the inner life? Will not any direct attempts to do so where they are not intellectually dishonest be apt to be artificial and unreal? The question bristles with difficult points and perhaps ought not to be attempted at the end of this paper. I can only offer some hints as to the line in which the answer may be sought.

1. There are many who with a minimum of faith in the *dogmas* of the churches and chapels can still appropriate so much of the spirit of the original institution as to make it well worth their while to attend their *services*. I neither recommend nor dissuade from this practice. It has always seemed to me a matter of degree—the relative degree, I mean—in which the critical faculties are stimulated and the moral and cosmic quickened. (This will depend a good deal on the arrangements and surroundings of the particular place of worship. I can myself go, as I have often done, to a little Highland Presbyterian church, where none but fishermen and crofters habitually worship, and come away from the primitive sermon and service in every way the better for it. On the other hand, I seldom enter a country church in England without being struck with the artificiality of the social and ecclesiastical arrangements represented there and the state of decrepitude into which a noble and ancient institution seems on the point of sinking.)

2. There is undoubtedly a growing number of those who

cannot under any circumstances habitually go to church or chapel. Supposing these people sincerely anxious to keep themselves in touch with the life I have been describing, I admit they have a most serious difficulty to face. Either they will attempt some substitute for themselves and their families, and run thereby the risk of its becoming something artificial and formal, or leaving the matter to take care of itself, will run the risk of starving a real moral want. As a practical suggestion in such cases it may be pointed out that quite apart from Christian literature, against which in the case I am contemplating I may assume a prejudice, there are numbers of books which are in the best sense religious. Many of Plato's dialogues appear to me to belong to this class,—especially perhaps the *Phædo*, the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and *Republic X*. There are the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the *enchiridion* of Epictetus, and the writings of the Stoics generally. There are the *Vedas* and *Upanishads* of India, now mostly accessible in English. There are the great teachers and poets of our own time, all, as is necessarily the case, steeped in those ideas of organic connection and cosmic order which I have pointed out are characteristic of our century. All these and many more, not neglecting the great Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the *Imitatio Christi*, Jeremy Taylor's *Great Exemplar*, and Butler's sermons, are books which the "library of no gentleman," if he wishes to be a gentleman in Newman's sense of the word, should be without. (Whether in the family life special times should be set apart for reading them I do not pretend to say, any more than whether opportunities should be sought for the public use of them. So long as this section of your library is held in esteem by yourself and your household it does not really much matter. If, on the other hand, books in it lie in out-of-the-way shelves and are covered with dust from year's end to year's end, it is time perhaps that you thought of instituting a morning or an evening reading.)

3. I have a third suggestion which I divulge with some hesitation. It is that to some the study of philosophy may be the best means to the end we are speaking of. "The neces-

sary creed of all the just and good," says Schopenhauer,* "is: I believe in a metaphysic." I do not mean to say that all saints must be philosophers, any more than I claim that all philosophers are saints. I wish merely to suggest that those who find other doors to saintship or saintly comfort barred against them may as a last resort try philosophy. Novalis declared that philosophy, "could bake no bread, but it would find you God, freedom, and immortality." Without making any so lofty claim for it, I maintain that as its subject is just that widest aspect of things which is the object of the inner life, its pursuit as a study may be no unimportant aid in realizing to ourselves the reality of that life itself. It is related of the philosopher Hegel that his landlady, being much distressed at his irreligion, complained one Sunday morning that he did not go to divine service, to which the philosopher is said to have replied, "Das Denken ist auch Gottesdienst."

In what has gone before I have not been trying to construct a new religion as a substitute for the old one. In so far as I have been dealing with what is called religion at all, I have not been trying either to rehabilitate or to supersede it. I have only been trying to show that when all is said for and against religion, as it is commonly understood, there remains as the inmost sanctuary of the human mind a sense of relationship with an eternal order. This order is at once "not ourselves" in that we did not make it, and our true selves in that we only truly live in so far as we work for it and with it. And if this be so, I wish to suggest, in conclusion, that it is time we were done with mere negation in the region of the soul. The views about this that many occupy themselves in exposing are themselves already dead, and "the mere negation of what is dead is dead too." "The problem," says Carlyle in his "Characteristics," "is not now to deny, but to ascertain and perform." To ascertain what the world of fact is and demands of us and to perform it. It is idle to bid us separate these two and to call us to performance while we give up the ascertainment as hopeless and irrelevant. I have tried to show that it is not irrelevant; I believe it is far from

* Quoted in Wallace's Schopenhauer, Great Writer Series, p. 95.

hopeless. Whether we have as yet truly ascertained the meaning of it all is another question. All I claim is that we are on the right lines if we cling to the great watchwords of our own time,—Evolution, Progress, Organic Order. Man's thoughts on these will be the soil from which the inner life will in future spring, or, to revert to my former simile, the support round which our deepest emotions will twine themselves. That inner life, these emotions, will be much the same as they have been in all ages. They have been the most powerful creative force in human life in the past. They will continue to be so in the future. "From that mystic region and from that alone," says Carlyle in a similar connection in the essay I have just quoted, "all wonders, all poesies and religious and social systems, have proceeded: the like wonders and greater and higher lie slumbering there."

J. H. MUIRHEAD.

MORAL THEORY AND PRACTICE.

IN the first number of this journal four writers touch upon the same question,—the relation of moral theory to moral practice. Professor Sidgwick touches it incidentally in raising the query whether what is wanted is not moral insight as much as reinforcement of moral motives; Mr. Adler touches it in discussing the relation of the organization and work of ethical societies to ethical theory; Mr. Bosanquet has one of its aspects for his subject in discussing the functions of such societies in promulgating moral ideas; and, finally, Mr. Salter is led to conceive that a great service to moral philosophy has been the fact that it has separated the "ought" from judgment as to what is, and thus kept open a region beyond science.

If any one of these writers had happened to find it within his scope directly to discuss the question of the relation of moral theory and practice, it is not likely that this article would ever have been written, but finding the subject touched